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The Concerts of Amateurs.

TRIBULATIONS OF A MUSICIAN.

From "Souvenirs d'un Musicien," by Adolph Adam.

There is a proverb which says, that there is nothing more to be dreaded than a dinner of friends or a concert of amateurs. Proverbs are the wisdom of nations, and nothing is more veracious than the maxim which we have just cited. One ought to esteem himself very fortunate when he is not smitten with both these plagues at the same time; but it is very rare that, after having been obliged to swallow the *diner d'ami*, composed, ordinarily, of the classic soup and boiled meat, followed by some one of those beneficial vegetables which recall to you the pleasant times and the succulent repasts of the college; it is very rare, I say, if, after this disagreeable feast, you are not still farther regaled with a little impromptu concert after the dessert. It is the little daughter of eight years who is to have you judge of her progress. The piano is opened, to which are wanting about half a dozen strings, seeing that it has not been tuned since the last *soiree* when they danced to the piano, and the dear child is prayed to play something in order to give pleasure to the friend of the family. But the dear child, who usually takes her recreation after dinner, does not find it at all amusing to give an exhibition of her talents at such a time, and makes a wry face a yard long. "Come, come show to *Monsieur* that you are quite a young lady even now," says the papa, drawing his daughter to the piano. The child resists, the papa gets angry, and the budding virtuoso begins to cry. The mamma then introduces herself into the affair: "Why treat her so brutally?" says she to her husband. "You know how timid she is, she will now no longer dare to play. Come my child, if you will play your piece well you shall go and embrace the gentleman, who is very fond of little girls who are good." Pleasant perspective. You think to be rid of it by hearing a little bad music; you will be obliged whether you will or not to go and embrace this charming little girl, who, with the aid of her father's handkerchief, is occupied in a corner drying her tears. You must be resigned; after many ceremonies you have the pleasure of hearing: "*Ah vous dirai-je, maman!*" "*Je suis Lindor,*" "*Triste Raison,*" and other little airs of that novelty executed out of tune, and with an obligato accompaniment of false notes. After this charming concert you are obliged to endure the promised embrace, and to mingle your compliments with those of the enchanted family. "Is she not truly astonishing?" says the father. "Oh, she is organized for music as few are. She retains all the airs that she hears . . . She has taken lessons only two years. Her mother teaches her. She is an excellent musician. Have you never heard my wife sing? She has a magnificent voice. Come now, my dear, you must sing something to *Monsieur*. Come,

do not play the child now." You must join your entreaties to those of the husband, who has gone to take down an old guitar, which he spends a quarter of an hour in tuning. Then, mingling his voice with that of his better half, he refreshes your ears with "*Fleuve du Tage*" or "*Dormez donc, mes chères amours,*" for two voices. Ordinarily one takes his hat after the last couplet and retires, thanking the amiable couple for the delightful evening which they have given him, and never sets foot in the house again. I, who have very irritable nerves, and who, in my quality of musician, hold the music of amateurs in abomination, always take care to inform myself if the people with whom I am about to make acquaintance cultivate music; for, if they have the least taste for exercising that enchanting art—your servant—I will no longer hear them spoken of, I withdraw into myself, and, firm as a rock, I remain deaf to all supplications. You will conceive that, with such principles, I move often. I have never been able to find a landlord who consented to require of my fellow lodgers a certificate of musical incapacity; and as soon as, notwithstanding the listing at all the doors and my windows constantly closed even in Summer, the sound of a piano, a violin, a flageolet, or a voice reaches me, the next day I give leave. I will not speak of the organs of Barbary (hand-organs) and of the hunting horns, which play before the windows of the wine shops: I have admitted long since that it was a plague which it is impossible to avoid in a city a little civilized, and that all quarters of Paris are subject to it.—I have tried the most isolated lodgings; the street organs have pursued me there. I thought at one time to be rid of them; I had rented a small house in the plain of Monceaux; for three days I there enjoyed an absolute silence, when, one fine morning in Summer, I was awakened suddenly at four o'clock by "*La generale*," which was which was being beaten under my windows. I arose in all haste. Judge of my despair when, putting my nose to the casement, I saw about twenty drummers of the National Guard grouped about my habitation, and making a general rehearsal of all the *fla* and *rrra* which could be drawn from that harmonious instrument. I saw surely that repose is not for man on this earth. I moved, I returned to the bosom of the great city. I stop up the chinks of my dwelling, and I try to cork up my ears sufficiently to imagine myself deaf, when there passes in the street any singer or cursed instrumentist. I have become a misanthrope. I am out of temper with the human species from my rising till seven in the evening. Then I go out, and I proceed to l'Opera or l'Opera Comique, and I saturate myself with true music, which has no analogy to the music of amateurs. I take care to place myself in some very obscure corner, in order to be isolated as much as possible; for amateurs pursue you everywhere, and there are those who have the habit of beating the time (nearly always out of time) or of humming with the actors; those people shrivel

my nerves, and turn a pleasure into a torment. I am at variance with all my acquaintances who have musical families, and I have preserved relations only with an old retired bailiff, entirely a stranger to the fine arts, at least I believed so.—But the traitor has just broken the last link which bound me to humanity, he has become an amateur, and that without knowing a note of music, and what is worse, he has enticed me into a horrible den where they scrape and blow and scorch the ears and the composers in the most atrocious fashion, all for a hundred sous per month. Listen to the story of my misfortune.

It is not quite fifteen days since my old bailiff invited me to take dinner with him. It was the first time he had invited me, and though he had apprised me that it was an *diner d'ami*, I should have been in the right to have told him in leaving the table: "I did not believe myself so strongly your friend;" but, as that is but the least of the evils which awaited me on that fatal evening, I will not expatiate too much on that first calamity. The repast terminated, I made ready to quit the chamber without fire and lighted by a single candle (it is from modesty that I say candle), where we had dined, in order to go to the opera to hear *Robert le Diable*, when my old villain of a friend, retaining me by the skirt of my coat: "Why the devil! do you escape so suddenly? Can you not consecrate to me an entire evening? You imagined, perhaps, that I have not thought of preparing you an agreeable after-dinner? I have reserved a surprise for you this evening; give me time to take my hat, let me conduct you; and if you are not satisfied, you are very difficult to please." I let him do as he pleased. We went out and arrived at the *rue des Petits-Champs*. "Now we are going to wait for the conveyance, sail my bailiff,"—"What conveyance? to go where?"—"My young friend, let me do as I please. I repeat, when you are there, you will be enchanted." After having waited a quarter of an hour in the rain and cold, we saw at last coming in the distance one of those monstrous carriages, which by night announce themselves by their great flaming eyes, red, blue, or yellow. We mounted, I gave my six sous, as did my companion, abandoning myself to my fate, which some presentiment, I knew not what, caused me to dread. After a half hour of progress the omnibus stopped; we descended.—"Where are we?"—"Rue de la Harpe." Singular locality for a pleasure party! We were before a great homely house, very black and very dirty, as were all in the vicinity. "Do you see that light in the fourth story? It is there we are going," said my guide. "I understand." We mounted, groping our way, a very steep staircase, which brought us finally to a door feebly lighted by a night lamp placed on a neighboring shelf, and I read written in great letters: CONCERT. Here I avow my limbs failed me, and without that weakness perhaps I should have yielded to a horrible inspiration of the devil which seized me suddenly. I had an irresistible

desire to precipitate my unlucky friend down four pairs of stairs, but virtue overcame it. I contained myself, and contented myself with digging my nails into the palm of my hand, when I heard this new Mephistopheles say to me with a laugh of triumph: "Ha! you did not expect this?"—The door opened before us, and I entered. I felt then within me one of those revolutions very natural to the heart of man. To that mortal solicitude which possesses one at the approach of a great danger, succeeds suddenly that courageous resignation which one experiences when the danger is upon you. There was no longer any means to avoid it. I made up my mind to laugh at my misfortune, and to play the part of an observer, in order at least to be able to put my fellow citizens on their guard against a similar mishap. The first room which we entered had nothing in particular, but the second was very remarkable; in the centre was a piano covered with scores and orchestral parts; desks were disposed around, and against the walls were hung all sorts of instruments from the highest to the lowest. A dozen individuals were already grouped in this saloon. On our entrance there were unanimous acclamations. "Ah! here is M. Vincent; good evening, Monsieur Vincent, what a pleasure to see you, etc." Hand-shakings and felicitations came from all sides to my companion, who knew not which to attend to.—After all these polite actions, upon the assurance that the concert would not commence before an hour, I drew my friend Vincent into a little corner, and here are the details which he gave me in regard to the assembly in which we were.—"This re-union has had an existence of more than thirty years. It is a business which is carried on like any species of commerce. Here, for five francs per month, every amateur, whatever instrument he plays, can come once a week and take part in the overtures and symphonies which are executed. The players are furnished with music and instruments, which you see upholstering this chamber. It is warmed, lighted, and one can bring a friend." "But," said I to him, "what do you come here to do?"—"I? I come to do my part."—"You then play some instrument?"—"Not any, I do not even know how to read music; and here is exactly whence comes the consideration which each one shows me here. I take care to place myself at a desk where there are at least two instruments. The leader of the orchestra is a sufficiently good musician to distinguish perfectly those who make what you call mistakes. As I content myself with making a semblance of playing, he has never remarked me as guilty of such a mishap, and I pass here as being of great ability. You ask me why I come here? It is because it is warm, because it does not cost much and because the consideration which I enjoy gives me pleasure.—The society is besides perfectly composed; they are students, employés, tradesmen, who prefer this re-union to the *cafés* and smoking rooms, and you will find among them many people with whom you would be charmed to make acquaintance."

While we were talking many people had come in; each one was already at his desk, and for five minutes the leader of the orchestra had been striking in vain on his book with his bow in order to obtain silence. "Come, Monsieur Vincent, we are going to commence. What instrument will you play to-day? Hold, we have some *debutants*

among the flutes, go and help me a little among those young people." My companion cast a glance at the desk where were seated three young gentlemen armed with their instruments. He seized a flute, hanging on the wall behind him, and blowing with all his lungs as one does in a key, he drew from it a horrible whistling sound which might have been heard at the *Pont Saint-Michel*. "Ah! what a fine *embouchure*," exclaimed one of the apprentice flutists.—M. Vincent smiled with a modest air; and the symphony began. I did not lose sight of my bailiff, who encouraged his young companions with an air of protection, in the horrible *charivari* which they performed. The flutes could not succeed in making themselves heard, but during a rest there was an unhappy alto one measure behind, who began to execute a solo which was unexpected. The leader of the orchestra bounded from his seat, all stopped: "For mercy's sake! Monsieur Vincent, pass to the part of alto, we cannot go on without that." M. Vincent did not wait to be told twice. He put down his flute and took an alto. They recommenced and this time nothing hindered. M. Vincent took some tobacco, blew his nose, or arranged his frill, during the *piano* passages; but when the *forte* arrived he scraped his empty strings with fury, his companions imitated him, the altos predominated over all the orchestra, and at the end of the piece M. Vincent received the felicitations of the leader of the orchestra and of all the players.

Pity me. I was obliged to hear six overtures thus executed. You ask which ones. That would be impossible for me to tell. I did not recognize even one, though I was assured that they were all by the best masters. At the end of the concert my head buzzed. I was forced to take the arm of my old bailiff in order to return home; I should have been crushed: the noise of the carriages and the cries of *garé!* no longer reached my ear; I was completely stunned.—Upon entering my lodgings I mounted to the room of my landlord. I paid him what I owed him, I moved that night, and I had my furniture carried out of Paris. At break of day I found myself in a village, where I hope my old bailiff will come no more to trouble me. I have rented half of a little house occupied by a schoolmaster. But I foresee that I shall soon be obliged to transport my *penates* to other places; as it says in the new law on public instruction, that singing shall form a part of elementary education. I am now alone in the world; the only friend I had has become an amateur of music without knowing a note; how am I to find society now? Several years ago a particular individual demanded in "*les Petites Affiches*" a servant who did not know how to sing the air of "*Robin des Bois*"; I demand everywhere a friend who does not love music, who does not know it, and who dreads above all concerts of amateurs. If you ever encounter that rare man, send him to me; believe that he will find in me a devotion without limits; and that for such a treasure, there is no sacrifice which a poor musician could not make.

A Museum of Musical Instruments.

Paris has a new museum, which "Spiridon," writing to the *Evening Gazette*, describes as follows:

This museum is a collection of old musical instruments formed by Mons. Clappisson, the well known composer, and sold by him to the Government. He assembled something like three hundred instruments,

several others have been given since the museum was purchased by the Government, and the collection seems to be in a fair way to grow into an extensive museum. It is interesting as illustrative of the history of music, and from the historical associations connected with many of the instruments. I am not sure that one should not look with even more interest upon a musical instrument, than upon a volume which belonged to some eminent character. The most enthusiastic reader is excited by the book only as the pilgrim at sight of the hallowed shrine; both are passive and above them they move. The musician throws his very soul into the instrument, animates it to a portion of himself and fills it with his own joys, his own sorrows or his own hopes till instrument and performer appear to be one rapt person giving utterance to the o'er-fraught heart. In this way the instrument becomes invested with a particular charm which exceeds most souvenirs in interest. Can one look at Garat's lyre and repress a smile as imagination seems to catch some echo of that divine voice to which Napoleon himself was not insensible? or the harp which belonged to the Princess de Lamballe and feel otherwise than sad at the contrast forced upon the mind between the soft notes of this gentlest of instruments and her most hideous fate?

The collection of pocket violins is extremely curious. There are no fewer than twenty-five of them, and one of them claims (judges agree as of right) to have had Stradivarius for its maker. They are of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I believe the manufacture of pocket violins is decaying, if it has not decayed. They are scarcely to be seen now away from a dancing-master's chair. You know they give the octave above the violin, standing in the same relation to it as the viol and violoncello bear to the bass. There are a great many clarinettes and their kindred the flutes, the beaked flutes and their original bassoons. Beaked flutes are to be seen now only in museums, which is inexplicable, for musicians regret its disappearance from bands; they think its notes softer, mellower, and less insipid than those of the modern flute which dethroned it. There are some curious drums exhibited, from the old Provençal tambourine with its long narrow case, to Sax's new drum which has no case at all, and consists solely of an ass's skin stretched on a metal circle. The interval is filled with barbaric drums, chief among which figures a Tahitian drum made of a portion of the trunk of some tropical tree, which has been hollowed throughout its length (some six feet) and covered at one end with a goat's or a lamb's skin. When this drum is played it is set in a hollow and two or three brawny fellows belabor the skin with clubs. I forgot to mention that the Provençal tamborin is played with only one drumstick; it is thought a difficult instrument. Mons. Clappisson has in his museum the largest gong to be seen out of China. There are likewise to be seen in this collection many varieties of a musical family, which we know best through the hurdy-gurdy, which belongs to a most ancient family. The museum contains hurdy-gurdies of the reigns of Henry IV., Louis XIV. (and which subsequently belonged to Madame Adelaide, Louis Philippe's sister), Louis XV. (made by Louvet, the eminent musical instrument maker), and Louis XVI. This last reign is represented by a beautiful hurdy-gurdy made for a child. There are, too, bird-organs (*serinnettes*) bound in books, and a wheel orpheon (an instrument something like the harpsicord) in the shape of a three octave volume.

Since I am speaking of the curiosities of the museum, let me add an organ, a church organ, which has even a trumpet stop, contained in a folio volume. You may easily imagine that all the pipes are very short, being in truth little more than reeds; and there are eight instruments in canes. Garat's lyre is a beautiful instrument, admirably painted by Prudhon or Girodet. The museum contains four spinets, which are of great historical interest and most admirably preserved. One is of the reign of Henry II.; it can easily be taken to pieces and packed in a travelling-box or trunk, which is lined with sheet iron. The box is as old as the instrument. Two others were made in the sixteenth century: one of them bears this inscription: "*Francisci de Portalupis Veronen. Opus. MDXIII.*" (the name of the maker and the date of manufacture), which is incrustated in ivory on the instrument. A fourth spinet is of the species called "virginal;" it was made in the seventeenth century and bears the coat-of-arms of the de Penthièvre family. The keys are of amber; the front of the instrument is covered with arabesques of amber surrounded by amber medallions and enamelled flowers, and the whole instrument is gilded. The collection contains two harpsichords of the greatest value. The most valuable of them was made by Ruckers towards the close of the sixteenth cen-

tury, and it is adorned by paintings executed by no less illustrious artists than Paul Bril and David Teniers. The former is the author of the exterior paintings. The latter painted the front of the harpsichord, and in his very best manner; he represents three musicians in a tavern; two are seated, the third is standing and giving the others the key note. The other harpsichord is made of ebony and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. On its interior is the name of the maker and of the date of manufacture: P. Faby Bononiensis. Opus. MDCLXXVII. The collection contains, too, five beautiful harps, one made in the Regency, the four others in the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. One of them was made by Sebastian Erard and is covered with the famous Vernis Martin; on it is the name of the Princess de Lamballe. You may see there, too, mandolins, mandores, sistras, lutes, theobas and their child, which has inherited the places of them all—the guitar; Italian (of the seventeenth century), French and Scotch bagpipes; oliphants, Roman trumpets of the sixteenth century, French hunting horns of the reign of Louis XIII., church serpents of the fourteenth century, a timbre in the shape of a spinet adorned with Boule, Pan's pipes from many countries, flutes made of all sorts of materials, trumpets of enamelled earthen ware, a sonorous stone from China, a Venetian horn of glass, key-note flageolets (one of the reign of Henry II.), circular violins made of steel plates; Italian, Chinese and French dulcimers; a counter-bass bassoon six feet long; an Italian music box of the sixteenth century, which still plays its round of dances; soprano bassoons of the reign of Louis XVI., psalterions of the reign of Louis XIII., etc., etc. Musical instrument makers may learn at least one important lesson from this museum. It exhibits in a most striking light their disgraceful inferiority to their predecessors in form. There is not a single instrument to be found in this collection which is not immeasurably superior in form to the instruments on sale in contemporary musical instrument makers' shops. Take, for instance, the key-note flageolet of the reign of Henry II.; it is made of ivory, it is covered with exquisite carvings, and it is as graceful an instrument as a Raphael could place in one of his Muse's hands. The Italian bagpipes are of the most delicate forms,—you know how ungraceful the modern are! The old artists were imbued with a taste of style which seems to have made it impossible for them to violate the canons of grace. They themselves were the first to suffer, and they would have suffered acute pain were the objects on which they had expended all their art, trade and mystery, deficient in those essential qualities of grace and style which recommend to admiration the vilest materials and the humblest instruments. Modern instrument makers have not the excuse (which their advocates urge in their behalf) of want of patronage for these exquisite pieces of art. Broadwood at London and (to a less extent) Erard, here, constantly receive orders for instruments which with excellence of musical qualities combine beauty as objects of art, that they may adorn the drawing-room to which they are destined. Unable to make them beautiful, these manufacturers make them rich. Attempts are made to compensate for the absent beautiful form by bribing the eye with lavish expenditure of gildings, and to make heaviness itself seem an advantage by hinting the heaviness is valuable. We, even the least exacting moderns, may waive the right to challenge contemporary musical instrument makers to rival Stradivarius and the other unapproachable masters; but in a mere question of exterior form it is our duty to insist upon successful rivalry with their predecessors. If they cannot supply us with the nectar and ambrosia their ancestors lavished generously, at least let the beaker avouch them for children of their fathers. If their invention can neither be flogged or shamed into activity—let them servilely copy those admirable models.

Paragraphs from Vienna.

BY A. W. T.

(Continued from page 55.)

May 10.—Here is a bell story. It comes from a newspaper published at Czrnowitz, in the Austrian province Bukowina.

Not long since the following was related to have occurred at Rarancez, a village near Czrnowitz.

An old peasant, a widower with one son and one daughter, both married, recently died, leaving the son in a state of great rage, owing to the father's refusal to change his will so as to favor him—the son—to the injury of the sister. The unnatural son cursed his dead father, and forbade his wife to enter

the house to assist in preparing him for the grave. She went, however, while her husband was in the field, and performed this duty. As soon as he heard of it, he rushed to the body, uttering foul language, and was about to tear the shroud from it. This aroused the father from a trance, in which he had to this moment lain. He sprang up, grasped the son by his arm—fell back in a fit and really died. I will omit the details which follow—they are really shocking; the substance of them is, that the fingers of the dead could not be removed from the arm of the son, until, after the lapse of thirty hours, they were dissected off.

The report of this strange occurrence, together with the announcement that a committee of physicians and surgeons had been sent to Rarancez to report upon the matter, induced several persons, among them divers students, to go over from Czrnowitz to the village, to look into the matter, more especially as the peasantry were beginning to believe that the case was one of actual resurrection from the dead for the purpose of punishing a son's wickedness. When the Czrnowitzers reached Rarancez, they received the following explanation.

The bells for the new church of the village were to be cast. That the casting might be successful, and the bells ring out right loud and invitingly, it was necessary, according to an old Bukowina superstition, to put some strange and striking story in circulation. So the people concerned got together and discussed the matter, finally, hitting upon this story of father and son, and sending eight messengers—two in the direction of each of the cardinal points of the compass—to set the story going, and to see that it made a great sensation. "We must give these messengers, in truth, the credit of having done their duty in the premises with great zeal and skill," says the reporter. "At the same time the casting has proved a success, and from the tower of the new church resounds already in silver clear tones, loud and cheerful, the music of the bells of Rarancez."

May 22.—The other day the *Fremdenblatt*, one of our daily papers, has the following paragraph.

"We learn from London, that the songstress Adeline Maria Johanna Clorinda Patti has entered a complaint, through her next friend, [as I believe the law term is] James William Macdonald, against her father, Salvatore Patti, and her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch. The complaint in all its long printed particulars lies before us, but we hesitate, for the present, to publish the same, notwithstanding the genuineness of the document is affirmed to us here in Vienna by competent authority. The defendants are notified to appear before the Lord Chancellor on the 15th inst."

This is "nuts" for the Vienna theatre-goers, for Strakosch seems to have left no very favorable impression here, and taking advantage of this feeling, a certain Zell, who is a fertile writer of burlesques, has prepared a musical-farcical-dramatic drollery called "Abellina [not Adeline], or, a Brother-in-law for Every thing,"—for the Theatre an der Wien—that theatre, which owed its construction to the success of Mozart's "Magic Flute", and for which Cherubini composed "Faniska," and Beethoven "Fidelio," ever so many years ago. There is a popular songstress here, a Fräulein Gallmeyer, at whose benefit on the 16th inst., the piece was produced before a full house. In the *Presse* it is thus noticed. I have not seen it.

"As a whole, the piece, the object of which is to burlesque the Patti enthusiasm of the Viennese, and the Humboldt of all theatre-fathers", viz., the brother-in-law Strakosch, has not over and above much wit, but the thing amuses through its *hors d'œuvres*. There are several good hits, songs and the like. Fräulein Gallmeyer, with her hair colored black, to resemble in this respect, at least, the original Spanish

maiden, [Patti was born in Madrid, but by no means of Spanish parents], again set the springs of her satire and daring drollery in motion, and the public applauded the popular local songstress, in a manner which might have satisfied all the heroes of art and literature that we now-a-days can reckon up. Herr Zimmerman imitated most capably Carrion's tender, die-away strains, and Herr Swoboda trilled and roulded exorcisingly an air from *Traviata*. Fräulein Gallmeyer gained excessive applause. The novelty will evidently fill the house many a night."

To-day, the piece is advertised—being interpreted—thus:

Theater an der Wein. For the ninth time.

Abellina, or A Brother-in-law for Every thing;

A burlesque for the times, with song, in three pictures;

By Zell and Mery. Music by various masters.

Adeline Patti again. The last number of the *Blätter für Theater, &c.*, is responsible for the following:

"On the 16th of May, an English legal document was shown in the various editorial rooms of the Paris journals, and the request made for its immediate translation and publication. In this document Adeline Patti, at present in London, is made to apply to the proper court, with the petition, that she be received as a "Ward in Chancery," until, in February, 1864, she shall complete her 21st year, and that she be released from the tyranny of her father and brother-in-law. It is affirmed, that her father in Paris, before a notary public, in 1862, released forever, all rights and powers, as father, to and over Adeline and Caroline [Carlotta?] of every nature whatsoever, to his son-in-law. Since coming in possession of this document, the Herr Brother-in-law has treated the timid, pretty Adeline as a sort of female Casper Hauser. He keeps 'the child' actually locked up, shut out from all society, makes all contracts without consultation with her, takes possession of all the receipts, drags the golden-voiced nightingale at will about the world, and when, now and then, the sweet-tempered dove attempts to defend herself, inflicts corporeal punishment (?) upon her, such as is only due to proved culprits. Miss Patti now prays the authorities to save her from this undeserved and extortionate white slavery; is ready to prove her allegations, and demands a medical examination, and the privilege of exhibiting the marks of personal chastisement. (!!) She declares farther that in eight months she has earned 60,000 francs (\$12,000) but has herself never received a sou of it; farther that a gentleman (in Paris, this is supposed to be M. Aguado) has made her an earnest offer of marriage, that he is a man of independent property, and offers expressly to waive any claim to a marriage portion. But, notwithstanding this, she has been taken from Paris to London, with the express object of putting an end to this relation; that all letters to her are intercepted; and, in general, she is subjected to such treatment, that if the honorable court does not soon extend its parental care over her, she cannot answer for the consequence!"

Such is the ridiculous story of the *Blätter für Theater, &c.* Isn't it "werry shocking," as my old French coffee-woman used to say.

Now comes the *Presse* of this morning, May 26, and gives the following edifying history:

"Based upon thoroughly trustworthy letters received from London, we are able to give the following explanation of the complaint said to be entered by Fräulein Patti against Herr Strakosch.

"During the past winter in Paris, a person calling himself Baron de Ville, had pursued Miss Patti with offers of marriage, but making no other impression upon her than that of disgusting intrusiveness. Satisfied of his irresistible attractions, the vain fellow really believed that his want of success could have

no other foundation than that of a tyrannical guardianship. He followed her to Vienna, where he put up at the hotel Munsch, under the name of M. Mougrénon, but where he never was received by Miss Patti. He thence followed her to London, where, after various vain attempts to see her, he determined to try by means of a legal intervention to help himself, or at least gratify revenge. De Ville had the impudence to present to the court in Miss Patti's name, and, as pretended, by her authority, a petition containing a complaint against her father and brother-in-law, and praying for the appointment of a guardian. The parties interested were summoned, and Adelina declared in Court, that she, far from entering such a complaint, was perfectly satisfied with and happy in her family relations, and was particularly indebted to, and grateful for the kindness of her brother-in-law, Strakosch, who, from her earliest childhood had been like a father to her, and who was her first and only teacher. As to the Baron, she declared him to be an adventurer, with whom she would have nothing to do.

"The 'Baron,' her worshipper—who probably is hardly *compos mentis*—was heartily laughed at by the audience, received a reprimand from the court, and was condemned to pay the costs.

"The 'Baron' de Ville, or Mongrénon, it appears, wrote to his friend, Jules Briand, an employé of one of the first — barbers (!) in Vienna, requesting him to obtain the publication of a copy of the petition, which was enclosed. Briand did so, and thus the story got into the papers. An action for slander, which Strakosch threatens to bring here in Vienna, may very probably confirm the facts as here detailed before our tribunals."

I hope Strakosch will pursue the matter, for if there be no redress for the abominable lies and misrepresentations, with which the Heribert Raus *et id genus omne* of novel writers here in Germany and Austria, defame the dead, regardless of the tears and sorrow of the living, it is to be hoped that the muzzle on the press may not be confined to political matters alone, and that in such flagrant cases as this, the authors of the slander may be adequately punished.

The Mozart Catalogue.

(From the London Athenæum.)

Thematic and Chronological Catalogue of Mozart's Works—*Chronologisch-thematische Verzeichniss sämtlicher Ton-Werke, W. A. Mozart's, von Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel.* (Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel; London, Ewer & Co.)

The musician of any age or country, be his object what it will, may well regard this thick volume with admiration and reverence, as one of the holy books of his art. Five hundred and more pages are devoted to the titles of the creations of one who did not attain middle age, and whose life was largely devoted to active exhibition; among which works are a "Don Juan," a "Figaro," a Jupiter Symphony! We are not of the company of the idolaters, who can see no fault, no inequality, who will admit no mannerism in the works of Mozart. We hold, with a judgment stated a few years ago in print, that he produced nothing which has not been of its class excelled by some other master of music: an assertion which, however startling it seems, can be sustained by fact. Taking, however, Mozart's works as a whole, the union of form and beauty, of skill, of spontaneous geniality presented in them, has never been exceeded, if ever approached. Their evenness of quality is wonderful. There is probably no one musician who has given such vast and lasting delight; and this, not to the learned and refined only, but to the enormous public, that cares merely for passing sensations of pleasure. Then, we are somehow never tired of hearing about the man. Book comes after book, life after life,—each more tedious than the last (Dr. Jahn's being, let us hope, final in point of heaviness).—yet they are not to be parted with when once taken in hand. In brief, he possessed genius in all the fullness of most exquisite charm, and was even more lovable than highly-gifted; as we remember anew while lingering over this list of treasures, just as if a large portion of it was not known to us by heart! Is it complete even now, splendid as it is in length! We fancy not; and that some of the slighter pieces,

which were flung off by him to please his Viennese comrades, or to make the starched men of science at Leipzig stare, are not here included. On the other hand, it is possible that pieces have crept in which are not from his pen—doubts having been thrown on the authenticity of many of the remains sold by his widow after his decease. Complete or incomplete, however, the collection is unique as an example of fecundity, of beauty, of variety. Admirable, too, is the absence of an arrogant and pedantic spirit; and the willingness to be helpful, without thought of self-assertion. Mozart would throw off occasional songs for other men's operas, and additional accompaniments to other men's oratorios. He scored such music of Bach as hit his fancy. He played with the flute or the horn, when some merry and good-for-little boon companion wanted a *concerto*. He wrote dances (there are many waltzes, by the way, passing under his name that are not here). In brief, like all men of real genius, he was abundant, gracious and versatile; and thus to be ranged with the Michel Angelos, the Cellinis, the Shakespeares of Art, who know themselves to be too great, and feel themselves to be too generous, to be pinched by any narrow fears of compromising themselves, let them condescend as they please.

Probably, in all this wonderful accumulation of music, its least precious portion consists of the orchestral masses and the organ pieces. The former fall short in the devotional spirit, which breathes with such a mighty and earnest pathos in his "Confutatio," from the Requiem,—in his "Ave Verum."—His English worshippers will learn with surprise, that the service so hackneyed in this country, and known as his Twelfth Mass—in Germany as No. 7—does not figure in this Catalogue; or if so—for here is a Mass No. 7 in the same key, and in the same rhythm—with different phrases by way of opening. The organ music, though written for Germany, is apparently lighter than Handel's, which was written for England in days when the German pedals were next to unknown, without the occasional pompous grandeur of phrase so distinctive of Handel.

An unusually large portion of the six hundred and twenty-six works here indexed are in autograph manuscript. For one who notoriously took life so lightly, and wrought so hastily, Mozart's manuscript is not bad; clear, comparatively, if compared with Beethoven's. A well-known varied *Andante* in G major, for four hands, is before us, from which that fresh and genial composition has been played. It tells, as does Madame Viardot's famous possession—the manuscript of "Don Juan"—that hasty as he was, and careless, Mozart was not too hasty and careless to reconsider himself;—whether he was pouring out such a burning utterance of passion as "Or sai che l'onore," or merely throwing off a trifle for the amateurs and the shops. To-day, we have lived to see, as rule, the temerity of publishing new works on the largest scale simultaneously with their performance,—works, it may be added, not by Mozart, nor yet, even, by Mendelssohn's. This manuscript tells its tale of the "midnight oil," or else of the midnight punch, which Mozart's *Stanol* used to brew for him, when he was busy, in the drops which spot the time-discolored paper. It is here and there smeared, too, as if the diligent author who left his works behind him in Somebody's Luggage had been over the page, to correct it.—But enough of these notes on a Catalogue, wanting which no musician's library of reference can be henceforth rated as complete. We should add, in conclusion, that Dr. Von Köchel's notes and annotations are sensible, to the purpose, and not over-prolix.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6.—The past musical season has been, on the whole, a rich one for lovers of music in New York. The German and Italian opera companies, the Philharmonic and Liederkrantz Societies, Mason and Thomas's quartet party, the concerts given by Messrs. Anschütz, Bergmann, Mills, Thomas, Goldbeck, without mentioning the lighter entertainments of Carlotta Patti, Gottschalk, &c., have presented us with every variety of music (excepting the great oratorio form), old and new. Some of the works performed were heard here for the first time; a few for the first time anywhere.

Of operas, we have heard some entirely new to New York. Such were Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Petrella's "Ione," Verdi's "Aroldo," and Gluck's "Orpheus."

"Ione" proved successful even to a *furor*, among the frequenters of the Academy; the causes of this success have been already discussed; the others pleased more or less (even Aroldo!), excepting the greatest beyond comparison—of course we mean "Orpheus," and that proved an unequivocal failure, as might have been almost surely predicted; for this opera requires an undoubtedly great artist in the principal part, a perfect *mise en scene*, beyond the possibilities of the Winter Garden, and an essentially music and art loving audience.

Mlle. Vestvali's performance of "Orpheus" was doubtless modelled after that of Viardot-Garcia, which she must have frequently studied in Paris, but most certainly after it, if we may believe half the raptures of Berlioz, Scudo, Fiorentino, &c., on the wonderful personation of that great artist, who, never handsome, past middle age, and with a failing voice, had yet the power to enchain by the magic of her genius, the attention of enraptured audiences, for upwards of three hundred nights,—audiences in part composed of people who went to Paris from England, Italy, Russia, solely to hear Garcia in "Orpheus." Mlle. Vestvali has great physical beauty, yet little feminine charm; she astonishes, but she does not touch or attract. She did not fill our ideal of the poet Orpheus, who, we imagine from his history (be that fact in part or not), must have been somewhat effeminate,—either in person or action; her gestures and attitudes were too ostensibly intended rather to exhibit herself, than the character or composer. Neither was her voice, and especially her school, sufficient for the great music she undertook to render.

Little Madame Rotter was more satisfactory in the single scene allotted to Euridice; she was, at least, honest, earnest, and touching. The scenic effect was mediocre and often incorrect; the modern ballet skirts, parading round the tomb of Euridice, in the first act, were enough to throw ridicule on the whole opera. It is much to be regretted that the right spirit did not preside over this revival; how many people, unacquainted with the score, and knowing no better, will judge of the sublimely simple melodies, the deeply truthful expression, the dramatic effect of Gluck, merely from the manner in which they heard all this rendered at the Winter Garden, and will, perhaps, deem the weak points of the performance those of the great master! May Garcia's self come here one day, and undeceive New York, we pray! Even the critics (Heaven save the mark!) discoursed unknowingly about the "trotting" of this "old foggy" composer across the Atlantic!

Somewhere about thirty operas, in all, were performed during the season, by the German and Italian companies, including some by Mozart, Beethoven's "Fidelio," Rossini's "Semiramide," which failed from the same cause as "Orpheus," namely, the want of the right women in the right place. Schubert's operetta "The Family Quarrel," by an amateur society; Offenbach's droll trifle "La rose de St. Fleur," by the French company; Mr. Edward Mollenhauer's tragic opera "The Corsican Bride," performed some three or four times, at the close of the season, with tolerable success, the music being light, and wanting in originality, but the whole thing despite its poor libretto, put together with a certain *savoir faire*, owing, no doubt, to Mr. Mollenhauer's experience as a theatrical orchestra leader, "La Favorita," "Norma," &c., &c.

The list of Symphonies performed last winter is not a short one. Beethoven's No. 1, No. 4, No. 5, and No. 7; Mozart's No. 4; Emanuel Bach's in D; Schumann's two in B. and Bb; Gade's No. 1, Liszt's "Tasso" and "Faust," Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," and M. Goldbeck's promising original symphony, "Victoria."

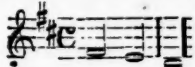
Of Overtures, we had naturally a greater number than of Symphonies, old and new composers having figured equally extensively in the list. Almost all

were noticeable; among them we must mention Gluck's to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Beethoven's "Leonora" No. 3; Mozart's to the "Magic Flute;" Weber's "Jubel," and that to "Oberon;" Cherubini's to "Medea;" Mendelssohn's to Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas;" Schumann's beautiful "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale," his "Manfred," and Julius Cæsar;" Wagner's introduction to "Lohengrin," his "Faust" overture characteristic, and that to "Tannhäuser;" Berlioz's "Francs juges," and "Carneval Romain;" Gade's "Michael Angelo," and "Reminiscences of Ossian;" Rossini's to "William Tell," and Litolff's "Robespierre."

Of sacred music, and of that species, the cantata, which belongs *par excellence* to the concert room, rather than to the church or the stage, we had Sebastian Bach's introduction to "St. Matthew's Passion;" Mozart's "Requiem;" Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," an eight part chorus by Palestrina; Romberg's "Lay of the bell;" the *Credo* from Liszt's "Graner" Mass; Gade's "Comala;" Mendelssohn's finale to "Loreley;" Weber's "Preciosa" music; Meyerbeer's chorus and melo-dramatic music, written for "Struensee," and other things less noticeable.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the miscellaneous instrumental works,—solos, duets, trios, quartets, sonatas, concertos, &c., heard at the various and varied concerts of the winter; it will be sufficient to say, that from Bach and Tartini, down to the composers of our day, many masters of the different schools were generously represented.

For the future season, we have promises of much and good music. Mr. Maretzek will open the Academy in the autumn, with a company of Italian artists, including Madame Medori, Signor Mazzoleni, and others among the singers who gained such popularity here last season. Petrella, the composer of "Ione," is to pay us a visit, for the purpose of bringing out and conducting a new opera of his own in New York; and writing of this visit, reminds us of a report concerning a more distinguished probable visitor, namely, Joachim, the greatest of living violinists, who, in company with his wife, formerly Mlle. Weiss, the singer, is said to be shaping his plans America-wards. But this sounds almost too good to be true. But if true! and if Clara Schumann would only come with them! Then, Mr. Anschütz's future season of German opera promises to be on a more liberal scale than the past; the three Formes, bass, baritone, and tenor, will be induced, it is hoped, to join the company. The Philharmonic, Arjon, Liederkranz, and other societies, are also preparing much fine music for future concerts; so that we may hope, not without reason, to enjoy some of the best that is to be heard, at the performances of resident established musicians alone, setting aside the chances of distinguished visitors, should circumstances prove favorable.



Music Abroad.

Festivals in Germany.

The London *Musical World* gives the following list of the various Musical Festivals which will take place, or have already taken place, in Germany, this summer. In Aix la-chapelle, on the 6th and 7th of September, the First Vocal Festival of the Singers of the Rhenish Association, and Grand International Vocal Competition, under the direction of the Aix-la-chapelle Vocal Association for Male Voices—"Concordia." In Augsburg, on the 1st—3d August, the "Liederfest" of the Swabian and Bavarian Vocal Union, comprising 38 smaller Associations with 1082 members. In Bamberg, on the 25th—28th of July, "Das Fränkische Musikfest" in which 2755

singers have announced their intention of taking part. In Brunswick, on the 13th—15th of July, German "Liederfest" under the direction of Herr Franz Abt; the Vocal Associations of 60 different towns will sing on the occasion. In Darmstadt, on the 16th of August, the Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine. In Düsseldorf, on the 24th—25th of May, the Fortieth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine—conductors, Herren Tausch and Otto Goldschmidt. In Königsberg, on the 27th—29th of May, the Third Musical Festival—conductor, Herr Anton Rubinstein. At Ochringen, on the 28th and 29th of June, the "Liederfest" of the Swabian Vocal Association. At Ohlau, the Vocal Association for Male Voices will celebrate the 25th Anniversary—date not fixed. At Reichenberg, in Bohemia, a grand Vocal Festival will take place some time during August.

From the same journal we take portions of a letter describing the Düsseldorf Festival, dated May 27.

On this occasion, for the first day of the Festival, the work selected was *Elijah*, which had been performed only once previously at any Rhenish Festival. The principal solos were undertaken by Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt; Mdlle. von Edelsberg (of Munich); Dr. Gunz (of Hanover); and Herr Julius Stockhausen, the smaller parts being entrusted to Mdlle. Bäschgens (from Crefeld), and Mdlle. Pels-Lusden (from Cologne). The conductor of the oratorio was Herr Otto Goldschmidt, from London, while Mr. Blagrove, also from London, was the leader. The orchestra comprised one hundred and forty-six musicians, and produced a great effect, more especially by the fullness of the stringed quartet. The performance was rendered particularly brilliant by the new organ, played by Herr Weber, of Cologne. The chorus consisted of 781 persons, thus distributed: 219 sopranos, 159 contraltos, 175 tenors, and 228 basses. Thus much for statistical returns, as far as they are to be gathered from every guide-book. I give them as a matter of form. In stating my individual opinion of the performance, I can be short.—To think of telling your readers anything they have not already been told concerning Mendelssohn's work would argue in me an amount of arrogance of which I should not like to be supposed capable. Admiration for Mendelssohn is at home in Berlin, and I have rarely been present at a grander performance than that of *Elijah*, under Professor Stern's direction, last winter. But what endowed the performance here with more than usual interest was the combination of vocalists who could not be surpassed anywhere.—The youthful charm of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt's voice has disappeared, as no one can be enthusiastic enough to deny. Its character of sweetness has been obliged to pay a tribute to Time; but the lady still retains the most elevated feminine grace; her profound and gentle feeling is still the same as when I heard her, when Jenny Lind, for the first time as Alice in *Robert le Diable*, in London.—The impression she produced upon me, at that epoch, was one which can never be forgotten, but quite as deep and moving an effect was excited in my breast the other day, by her singing of the air, "Höre, Israel," though two decenniums had nearly elapsed. It is a profoundly pious feeling which steals into my heart, when I hear her sing the air in question; I experience a desire for inward prayer. Mdlle. von Edelsberg possesses a vigorous contralto of the noblest character, to which is united a very good style. Dr. Gunz was not quite himself, but displayed good musical training and intelligence. Herr Julius Stockhausen sang the bass solos in an exemplary style. Although I am inclined to think the high position of the organ and the softness of its tone not quite adapted to *Elijah*, I cannot help expressing my deep respect for the gentleman who presided at it.—The ladies entrusted with the smaller solos were remarkable for the pleasing quality of their voices.—The chorus and orchestra were on a level with the work. The first day was a worthy commencement of the Festival. It was impossible not to perceive the reverential earnestness which animated the ex-ecutants, who, the audience felt, were conscious what kind of a composition they were executing. If I say that the second day satisfied me less than the first, I beg that I may not be misunderstood. If not equal to the first as regards quality, it surpassed it as regards quantity; there was too much music. I am as great a lover of music as ever existed in the wide world; but to sit and listen to heavy music, for four mortal hours, in a crowded, nay, nearly over-crowded hall, was too much even for me. Here, however, is the programme, so that every one may form his own opinion:—1. "Suite" by Bach; 2. Three Psalms by Marcello (scored by Lindpaintner); 3. "Ode to St.

Cecilia" by Handel (with Mozart's instrumentation), 4. C minor Symphony by Beethoven; 5. Third Part of the *Creation*, by Haydn.

You will at once perceive that I was not quite wrong in my assertion as to there being too much music. The conductors on this evening were, for purely instrumental compositions, Herr Julius Tausch and, for the others, Herr Otto Goldschmidt. With regard to the execution of the orchestral pieces, I cannot quite agree with the nearly universal enthusiasm; I have heard the same pieces, especially Beethoven's Symphony, played far more effectively elsewhere; but, notwithstanding this, I must acknowledge the care exhibited by Herr Tausch. In the second movement of the "Suite," Herr Ludwig Strauss, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, executed the violin solo with praiseworthy correctness. The gem of the evening was Jenny Lind. How inspiring in its effect was the delicacy of her expression in the "Ode to St. Cecilia!" The voice was no longer that of the day previous, which produced in me so pious a frame of mind by its rendering of the air, "Höre, Israel!" It was a voice calling to me from the heavens above. You are laughing again, I know you are, and thinking to yourself: "Still the same incorrigible enthusiastic dreamer as ever!" But you are mistaken. I give you my word that an air from the "Ode," so sung by Jenny Lind, would convert heathens, render free-thinkers devout, and restore misanthropes to the world and human society. I have not much to say concerning the third day of the Festival, when the so-called "Artists' Concert" took place, that is—a concert at which each person rides his or her own particular hobby. Of what was good, I will mention only the best. Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt sang an air from Mozart's *Rê Pastore*, with *obligato* violin accompaniment, played by Mr. Blagrove; Herr Tausch executed Spohr's Concerto in G minor; and Herr Tausch, Beethoven's Fantasia with chorus and band; while Herr Stockhausen gave us a few airs, songs, &c.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The concerts go on in the even tenor of their way, classical as always under the conductorship of Sterndale Bennett. The programme of the fifth (May 18) had for Symphonies Haydn No. 11 and Beethoven No. 4; for overtures the old *Freischütz* and *Zampa*, and a Fantasia Overture, "Paradise and the Peri," by Bennett, written for the Commemoration of the 50th year of the Society last summer, which, it is said, "gains enormously" on a second hearing. This took the place of the usual Concerto. Airs from Haydn and Mozart, and a *Valse* by Gounod were sung by Mdlle. Tietjen's with "all her splendid energy."

Sixth Concert (June 1). Symphonies: Spohr in D minor, No. 2, (composed for the Philharmonic 40 years ago), and Beethoven in F (No. 8). Overtures: *Euryanthe*, and one in C by Mendelssohn, composed for the Philharmonic more than thirty years ago, sometimes called "the Trumpet Overture," which London critics pronounce "a masterpiece in every sense" and blame the Leipzig professors for not publishing among his "posthumous" works. Beethoven's G major concerto (for piano) was played by Arabella Goddard. The singers were Signor Fricca (properly Herr Fricke), Fr. Liebhart, who sang a bravura air from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and Mme. Lehmann, from Copenhagen, (well remembered here in Boston,) who sang the scena from *Der Freyschütz*; the *Times* says, "she has a powerful voice, and is earnest and strenuous in her delivery."

Seventh Concert, June 15. Symphonies: Beethoven, No. 1; Mendelssohn, in A minor. Overtures. *Oberon* (Weber), and *Anacreon* (Cherubini.) Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by M. Buziau, "a virtuoso of merit, but not equal to that work," Singers: Mlle. Artôt and Sig. Delle Sedie.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—Dr. Wylde, conductor. The fourth concert, (Wednesday, June 3), offered two Symphonies: viz., Spohr's Double Symphony in C, and Beethoven's *Pastoral*; three Overtures: Schumann's to *Genoëva*, Weber's to *Oberon*, and Mozart's to "Magic Flute;" a Piano-forte Serenade and Rondo by Mendelssohn, played by Charles

Hallé; and singing (airs from Donizetti and Rossini, Rode's Variations, &c.), by Mme. Alboni. The *Musical World* says:

The fifth and last concert of the season, attracted the largest attendance of the series. The programme, with one exception, consisted of old acquaintances, but of those whom we reckon among our dearest and best. Let the selection show:—Part I.—Overture (*Leonora*), Beethoven; Song, "Deh vieni non tardar" (*Figaro*), Mozart; Concerto, for violin and orchestra, Spohr; Aria, "Il dolce suono" (*Lucia*) Donizetti; Symphony in A major, Mendelssohn. Part II.—Concerto, for pianoforte and orchestra, in F minor, Wylde; Air (*Der Freischütz*), Weber; Chorus (*Jessonda*), Spohr; Polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa" (*IPuritani*), Bellini; Overture (*Masaniello*), Auber.

The exception to our old acquaintances will be recognized in the concerto of Dr. Wylde, which was introduced by Madame Arabella Goddard, not at the request of the composer, but as a graceful compliment to the director. The concerto in F minor is the work of a thoughtful musician, clearly designed and well developed, often graceful, as often brilliant, and invariably effective. The orchestra is every where well handled, and the solo passages for the piano display both an elegant fancy, and a thorough knowledge of the instrument. Dr. Wylde is not a large producer, but if he had time and turned his attention to instrumental composition we might expect very many good things from his pen. Madame Arabella Goddard's execution of the concerto was splendid from beginning to end. Many of the passages are extremely difficult; but this young lady knows no difficulty.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The youngest of the Orchestral or Symphony Societies, with Alfred Mellon for conductor. The fourth and last concert of the season gave Beethoven's C minor Symphony, (the *World* says: "We have heard it played, if not with more vigor, at least with more refinement;" and this of "the finest orchestra probably ever assembled in a London concert room.") The overtures were those to *Jessonda* and *Tell*, and one by Mr. Macfarren to *Hamlet*, which the same authority calls "an intellectual and thoroughly poetical composition," having a "smack of the so-called character overtures of Beethoven and Mendelssohn,"—yet coldly received, perhaps for want of more rehearsal. Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto was played by Miss Madeline Schiller, (a young lady of German parentage, but born in England, who distinguished herself at the Leipzig Conservatorium); her reception was encouraging. Sig. Delle Sedie sang airs from *Stradella* and *Verdi*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The 129th (June 8) was exclusively devoted to Beethoven. The *Musical World* says:

Even the vocal pieces were his; those quaint and pretty *lieder*, "The Savoyard" and "The Stolen Kiss," being included in the first part, and the incomparable "Adelaide" in the second. The singer was Mr. Sims Reeves, who treats Beethoven as he treats Handel and Mendelssohn. Madame Goddard played the *Sonata Appassionata* as it has rarely been played before by pianist or pianiste. She also joined Signor Piatti in the sonata for pianoforte and violoncello in A, the most beautiful of the five which the "immeasurably rich" Beethoven has left. The quartets were those in F and A, Nos. 1 and 5 of the first set (what a first set!), Op. 18. They were admirably given by the new violinist, Herr Japha, Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Webb, and Signor Piatti. Mr. Benedict—restored, we are glad to say, to perfect health—occupied his usual post as accompanist.

MR. HALLÉ'S PIANO-FORTE RECITALS, opened Friday afternoon, May 14, at St. James's Hall. The *Athenæum* says:

Mr. Hallé has a sure place in England—such as can be won here only by an instrumentalist under conditions of remarkable accomplishment and progress. Londoners may well be glad that, after two years of exclusive devotion to Beethoven's *Sonatas*, for his own series of concerts this season, he has recourse to the general library of classical music, and not to one particular shelf of it. Yesterday week, we had Beethoven's *Sonata* in A, No. 2, Op. 2 (a work which breaks down every classifying theory of manners and styles, being, in some features, as boldly new as its writer's last Piano-forte *Sonata*),—a *Partita* in B minor, by Bach,—Mozart's Trumpet

Sonata, Op. 21.—Weber's *Solo Sonata* in C, Op. 24, the performance of which could not be surpassed for sentiment, lustre of execution, charm of tone and unflinching power,—two "Moments Musicaux" by Schubert, the second a quaint *Hongroise* in F minor,—Mendelssohn's "Caprice" in E, Op. 33, this also played to perfection,—lastly, two specimens by Chopin. Better relished the best of music and the best of playing could not be than they were by the large audience assembled.

His second programme was "commanded" by the Princess of Wales, as follows:

Part I.—Sonata in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3, *Beethoven*; Harpsichord Lessons, G and D, *D. Scarlatti*; Gavottes and Musettes, in D minor and G minor (from "Suites Anglaises"), *S. Bach*; Bagatelles, Book I., Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 7, *Beethoven*.

Part II.—Sonata, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 1 (The Moonlight), *Beethoven*; Impromptu, in B flat, Op. 142, *Schubert*; Two Valses, in C sharp minor and D flat, Op. 64, *Chopin*; "Lieder ohne Worte," Book II., No. 1; Book IV., No. 5; and Book VI., No. 6, *Mendelssohn*.

THE VOCAL SOCIETIES have not been idle. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir has given Madrigals, Part-songs, Mendelssohn's *Ave Maria* and "Hear my Prayer," with songs by Reeves, Mlle. Parepa and others, and piano pieces from Bach and Handel by Arabella Goddard. The Harmonic Society sang Mendelssohn's *Athalia*, and Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," May 15. *Judas Maccabeus* was given at Exeter Hall, by the National Choral Society, under Mr. G. W. Martin, May 28th, with band and chorus of seven hundred. The *Creation* by the Sacred Harmonic Society, May 29. The anniversary meeting of the Charity Children under the great dome of St. Paul's, took place June 11.

Of course there has been the usual abundant early summer crop of concerts by individuals, virtuoso-ish and classical, annual and occasional, for a summary of which we have not room.

As for the two opera houses, we must be content to resume some six or eight weeks history of them in our next number.

VIENNA. Among the pieces played at the Court Opera house during the month of May were *Don Juan*, *L'Étoile du Nord*, *Lalla Roukh*, the *Huguenots*, &c. The corner stone of the new opera house was laid May 20; the minister of commerce opened the ceremonies with a discourse, and a Cantata, written for the occasion, words by Steinhäuser, music by Franz Doppler, was performed.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 11, 1863.

Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

FOURTH AND LAST ARTICLE.

The Third Part opens with a chorus of blissful Houri singing in Paradise, while the Peri of music is winging her way up to the gate to offer her second gift.

This chorus (No. 18) is one of the happiest and freshest fancies in the whole Cantata. The idea of introducing such a chorus is Schumann's own, and he has probably composed the words as well as the music, of which the English version before us is rather a free one:

Strew with fair garlands great Alla's throne,
Roses entwining, bring gayest flowers,
Till the Eternal's propitious smile
Graciously fall on Her'n's utmost bowers.
His throne surrounding,
With joy abounding,
Humbly bow before the Lord!

It is of course for female voices, and is in four parts, soprani and alti. There is a wholesome, serene happiness, a clear, perennial purity and freshness in the music. The joyful melody of the leading theme is divided between the two upper parts, which pursue each other in canon,

while the alti fill out the harmony. The beauty is bewildering, while you feel the perfect unity; it requires no science to enjoy it, if it did to write it. The instruments go with the voices:—what could they do better? Then comes in a second thought:

Let us forget not those we love—
Wandering o'er the earth in sadness!
Darkness below us, splendor above,
Hatred there, but here love and gladness!
Strew with fair, &c.

These lines are sung by a single voice on each part, in a more thoughtful minor key, while the canon form is dropped. The charm of this middle sentence in the music is worthy to contrast with that of the principal motive (in canon), "Strew with fair garlands," &c., which returns to round off the chorus proper, although the piece is not yet finished. The time is quickened, as the accompaniments break into triplets, and a solo voice calls out in excited tones:

See where comes flying the Peri fair
Toward Heaven's gate!

and the rest take up the strain in chorus:

Peri, fair Peri, do not despair,
Faith and Trust will betray thee never.
Seek for the boon,
Thou'lt reach it soon.
What so dear is unto the Lord!

There is a chaste and serious expression in all this; but the next lines, sung by two voices in thirds, in gay, light-hearted triplets, are more suggestive of the common notion of the delights of a Mahomedan paradise:

Let us away to the rosy bowers,
Pleasure bestowing, pleasure receiving,
Kisses partaking, warm kisses giving.
Mid the cool arbors hanging with flowers.

There is a touch here of the naive Mozart style of gaiety, and you are reminded of Zerlina's wedding day—just for a moment, for immediately, with the next three lines:

See the sun ascending—
Bliss never ending
Stays for the blest who wait on the Lord!

the chorus comes in with a few bars of most solemn and impressive character, with trombones, all *pianissimo*, accompanying. As the last chord dies away, a single violin shoots up the scale, at once suggesting the Peri's eager upward flight, and leading into the next number of the music:

19. Tenor solo, followed by Alto solo. Another of those melodious recitations, with beautiful and graphic accompaniment, telling how she listens to the preceding chorus, as she soars up to the heavenly gate, bearing the last sigh of the lovers; how her heart beats high with hope as she hears the sound of the crystal bells from the trees of Eden (bells imitated in the music); but how, after all, her hope is again deceived; the gate stands not open; and then the Alto (Angel) gives her words of comfort, but: "Far holier must be the gift," &c.

20. Recitative of the Peri: "Rejected! Ah! banished," &c., slow and mournful; but breaking forth directly into an earnest, ardent, beautiful Allegro; her whole soul goes forth in it; it is a song of aspiration, so pure and intense that it can know no failure:

No, let me not rest, but wander forth,
Earth's farthest shores to wander over,
From pole to pole seek to discover
This costly prize I would attain.
That yields the highest bliss to me,
When Eden's gate shall open be.
What though it sleep
In caverns deep.
Where darkness reigns—I'll not despair,
But find the precious jewel there!

21. Air for a Baritone voice, very slow, with a rich, half slumbrous, humble-bee sort of murmur in it, very melodious and sweet. And very

original; a song that rewards study; difficult to sing well, yet capable of fine effect when so sung; the accompaniment moving in rich and often strangely groping chords; but the seeming monotony relieved in the middle portion by a running figure in the violas, and afterwards arpeggios. This baritone air may be found dull and heavy; but it is designed to illustrate the poetic description of luxurious Eastern scenery, with its heavy, scented air, as well as the fading rays of sunset "on Syria's land where blooms the rose."

Fair gardens, shining streams, with racks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;—
And then the mingled sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine.
Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales.

It was no easy task, and a bold one, to set this long stretch of verbal scene-painting, all of such richly mingled hues and images, to music; but it is achieved here by the magical touch of genius. Not the less genius, and not the less interesting, if we do have here, as in a few other places, something of that "magical narcotic perfume" which a German critic has ascribed to Schumann.

22. Here we have another of those happy poetic as well as musical ideas, which Schumann has interpolated into Moore's poem. He supposes the Peri, starting earthward on her next search, to be met by four sister Peris, who sing a most delightful, thoroughly original, refreshing little Quartet; a delicious surprise. "Peri, is't true?" they sing; "dost thou to Heaven's gate aspire? Shall sun so bright and starry night no more delight thee? Then take us with thee!" The inquiring piquancy of the little phrases echoed from soprano to alto (each in two parts); the freshness, brightness, quaintness of the harmony; the lively figure in the accompaniment, which goes fluttering off in octave triplets as the voices cease, has a novel and indescribable charm. It falls like a ray of the newest sort of sunshine into the midst of the golden gloom of the baritone descriptive solo which precedes and follows it, relating how sad the soul of the Peri, how weary her wings as she beholds the ruined temple of the Sun.

23. This number, wholly narrative and descriptive, contains the third and last adventure of the Peri and the finding of the heavenly gift. It is neither melody, nor recitative precisely, although a continuous chain of solo pieces. Perhaps the term *melodious recitation*, which we have before used, will best apply to it. First, the Peri muses over the thought that there may be an amulet hidden in that Temple of the Sun, whose inscription haply she may read, and it will tell her where the charm she seeks may really be found. Then the Tenor takes up "the wondrous tale" in equally wondrous music, changing with all the changes of poetic image, yet with a pervading theme of melody, which passes into a purer, heavenlier key, as it were, and an Alto or Mezzo Soprano voice, where the vesper bell calls to prayer (how tenderly the image of the praying child is given by the lovely music!); then back to the Tenor, who tells the effect on the sinful man; the number ending with the solemn, simple tune of a religious chorale, which the man sings, thinking of his own days of infancy and innocence.—We can do scarcely more than cite the words:

Tenor Solo.
Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither:
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Eden

In the rich West begun to wither;—
When o'er the vale of Balbec winging,
She sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they:—
And near the boy, who treads with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small islet's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
Oaths broken, and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests—the shrine profan'd—
In blackest drops there written all.

Soprano Solo
But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air:
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And kneels upon the fragrant sod,
From Purity's own cherub mouth
Lipsing the eternal name of God.
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like an angel child,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.

Tenor Solo.
And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

The Man.
There was a time, thou blessed child,
When, young and pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now!

All this is told quite as much, or more, by the instruments than by the voice. It forms a beautiful connected whole, every detail of which, even to the smallest shade or image, rewards examination. Yet it is not so piquant or so strikingly effective as some portions of the Cantata; it has, perhaps, too much of the "magical narcotic perfume" as of an overlaid atmosphere, and, but for the bright Quartet of Peris, it might, coming so soon after the long Baritone solo, be somewhat wearisome to some ears. But there is in it the charm of a something mystical and sacred. It brings us to the sanctuary, where the Holy Grail is kept.

24. The penitential psalm just sung by the man becomes the theme of a sacred chorus in four parts, with four soli: "Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!" Rich, noble and impressive harmony; church-like and grand, with passages of imitative counterpoint. A refreshing, soul-strengthening piece.

25. The descriptive, mystical, richly accompanied, melodious recitation is resumed again. The Peri muses on the magical power of that "one heavenly drop," the tear of repentance; and then follows in a tender and admiring vein:

Tenor Solo, with Chorus.
And now, behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeams shine upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim thro' Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!
'T was when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon that tear.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the enraptur'd Peri knew
'T was a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

At the words: "And hymns of joy proclaim thro' Heaven," we catch as it were the far off angelic harmony, snatches of chorus *pianissimo*, with trombone accompaniment. The tenor completes the strain alone, leading directly into the jubilant and glorious Finale.

26. The Peri's song of joy and triumph, accompanied by the welcoming Chorus of the Blest:

Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd and Heaven is won!

It is a swift, exciting, heaven-climbing song, full of rapture uncontainable, springing and falling beautifully as a fountain in the sunshine. The instru-

ments partake of the enthusiasm, and supply bright and stimulating phrases, full of suggestion and sometimes of reminiscence; as for instance, when the Peri compares the worthlessness of all other joys to those of Eden, the orchestra recalls repeatedly, in various keys, and with a rare charm of harmony, a striking passage from her very first song (No. 2) where wistfully she made the same comparison she now makes in triumph. Her ardent, soaring voice keeps on, now alternating with the chorus, now ringing clear upon the top of it. Higher and higher it soars, never weary of repeating the strain, now holding out a long high liquid tone, now disporting itself in shining circles, and climbing at last to the C in *alt*, before it is swallowed up from mortal ears, with the angelic chorus, in heights of heavenly bliss, beyond where mortal ear or eye may follow.

New Music.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

CHOPIN. *Sixteen Polish Songs*. German words (from the original Polish) by F. GUMBERT; English version by Miss FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

It cannot be pretended that these little songs are by any means of equal importance with Chopin's marvellous tone-poems for the piano. Piano music was peculiarly his sphere. Yet the songs are interesting, full of romantic feeling, individual, and have a decided flavor of nationality. They are for the most part very simple too, and must win their way to many hearts. Of those already before us in print we may mention:

No. 1. "*The Maiden's Wish*." A simple, naive melody, in waltz form, somewhat Tyrolean withal.

No. 11. "*Two Lovers*." A dirge, simple, solemn, heartfelt; a song of the soldier dead upon the field and the maiden broken-hearted.

No. 14. "*The little ring*." Here Chopin himself peeps out. A faint smile, half sweet, half sad, pervades the music. One of the most beautiful and delicate of the set.

No. 16. "*Lithuanian Song*." This is another very characteristic one; the maiden's confession to the angry mother.

The translator has appreciated the music and her task.

J. STRAUSS. *Thermen Walzer*, for Piano-forte. pp. 11.

A spirited and luscious set of waltzes, full of pretty fancies. A very good specimen of the gay Vienna dance music, though none of the later waltzes, to our thinking, quite come up to the earlier sets by the elder Strauss.

HANDEL. *Song: "O ruddier than the cherry."* pp. 7.

This is the famous song of the one-eyed monster Polyphemus in *Acis and Galatea*; a bass song, though here written in the G clef. A robust, rampant, rollicking air indeed, full of roulades, and a good task for a glib and ponderous bass voice.

CHARLES VOSS. *Good Night, Farewell*: Transcription for the Piano. pp. 7.

The sentimental serenade-like theme is very gracefully illustrated in a series of delicate variations, forming as a whole a pleasing and refined, if not a particularly original, sort of *Naturno*.

MR. J. K. PAINE'S Organ Concert takes place at the West Church this afternoon. His extremely interesting programme will be found in our advertising columns. It embraces some of the noblest works of Bach, Mendelssohn, and that lamented genius, Thiele, who died at the age of 24. Also original compositions, and an improvisation. Mr. KIMBALL, of the choir of the West Church, will sing a couple of bass solos. Such opportunities to hear true organ music are indeed rare.

THE FOURTH.—The music at the City Celebration, in the Academy of Music, was most creditable to Mr. BUTLER, the conductor, and to the hundreds of young ladies, who looked charmingly all dressed in white.

We copy the following (from the *Monthly Choir*), merely for the purpose of saying that there is no foundation for either of the guesses contained in it. The whole question of who is to open the Great Organ, or who is to be the organist, remains undecided, perhaps is not even yet in order with those whose business it will be to decide it.

We read, with great pleasure, the announcement in the *Boston Musical Times*, that Mr. W. Morgan, of New York, is to have the honor of first performing on the new Organ imported for the Musical Hall in Boston. We hear now, however, that Mr. Walcker contemplates importing an Organ-player to his own liking, to do justice to his first American Organ. We should hail the advent of an additional "good" Organist, but should feel sorry to have the gentleman in view come across the Atlantic to find out that America possesses at least *Organists* equal to any emergency, even if the Organ builders of America should prove to be inferior to Europeans—a point which is as yet not settled.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—We have the following letter from a source entitling it to credit:

"On Thursday evening, June 25th, a goodly number of the patrons and friends of the Cottage Hill Seminary, were assembled together by invitation of the Principal, the Rev. George T. Rider, M. A., to attend a Soirée Musicale given by the fair pupils, at the closing of the term. The programme would have done credit to a more strictly professional company of performers, and was not only highly creditable in regard to the selection of *morceaux*, but also in regard to the manner of performance. Among the piano pieces were the *Sonata Pat etique* of Beethoven, which was very carefully and conscientiously played, though, perhaps, lacking somewhat in breadth of style,—the *Air Variée* from *Lucia* by Prudent, a capital performance; and the well-known *Duo*, for two pianos, from *Belisario*, by Gorla, which was given with a degree of abandon indicating a thorough mastery of the brilliant difficulties of that composition.

"In the vocal list were included the celebrated *Scena ed Aria* "Ernani, involami," from Verdi, exhibiting on the part of the young and gifted vocalist a marvellous degree of vocal proficiency; the grand *Duo Quis est homo*, well rendered, both by voices and piano, and also the humorous Scotch ballad, 'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh, given in true ballad style, and with an expression of archness and simplicity truly mirth-provoking. But this was not all. After this surfeit of good things well done, Sterndale Bennett's Cantata of The May Queen made up the second part of the programme, in which the principal female parts were well sustained by two of the young ladies of the school, assisted by one or two male voices in the concerted pieces. The whole performance went off with great *éclat*, and gave good evidence of the care and assiduous attention paid to the study and practice of music at Cottage Hill Seminary.

"And in this connection let me add a few words. This school is not one of that sort which lives upon a noisy and popular reputation. It is conducted in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, seeking to form and elevate the standard of female character by studies and discipline calculated to promote intellectual strength and power; nor while the mind is expanding is the physical development neglected. Frequent rambles in the fields and woods afford not only an opportunity for the study of nature, but also give a cheerful vigor and elasticity to the system well calculated to enable it to endure the severer studies within the school-room. Nor do salutary influences cease to exercise themselves at the expiration of school hours. Cottage Hill is to each inmate a Christian home, where the gentle spirit of parental care is constantly exercised towards those who may sojourn under its roof."

O. T. C.

New York, June 29, 1863.

TRINITY CHIMES, in New York, gave a grand concert on the Fourth. The *Sunday Times* reports it:

Mr. James E. Ayliffe, of Trinity, gave us, at seven in the morning, and at noon, the following named pieces, which, it is unnecessary to state, were well executed:

1. Ringing the changes on eight bells.
2. Hail Columbia.
3. Yankee Doodle.
4. Old Dog Tray.
5. Grand Medley, arranged expressly for Trinity Church Chimes, by George F. Bristow.
6. Evening Bells.
7. Air by De Beriot.
8. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
9. Last Rose of Summer.
10. Rondo, with Variations in major and minor keys composed for Trinity Chimes, by George F. Bristow.
11. Airs from Child of the Regiment.
12. Star Spangled Banner.
13. Blue Bells of Scotland.
14. Home, Sweet Home.
15. Hail Columbia.
16. Yankee Doodle.

ANOTHER AMERICAN PIANIST ABROAD.—A Buffalo journal says:

Our Buffalo artist, Mr. A. H. PEASE, is, it appears, winning golden opinions abroad. A Berlin paper, speaking of a concert given in that city by Mr. Pease, in May last, has the following:

On Thursday, the 14th, we had the pleasure of attending a *matinée* given by a young American, Mr. Pease. The programme comprised some of the most difficult and celebrated pieces of the great masters, and at the same time afforded us an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the gentleman's own compositions. Among other pieces played by Mr. Pease was Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, with orchestral accompaniment, also the famous Waltz from the opera of "Faust," arranged for the piano by Liszt.

The performance proved that the performer has attained a wonderful degree of execution and "technic," and we are happy to say that Mr. Pease, notwithstanding the great difficulties he confronted, accomplished his task throughout with great taste and "freshness" of manner. His touch is powerful, and in the piano passages exceedingly delicate. The difficult cadences in the Waltz were played with the utmost nicety. We are convinced that Mr. Pease has made excellent use of the time in which he has studied and of his fine talents. Of the composition of Mr. Pease, we can only say that in our opinion the method and effect of his instrumentation, as well as the originality of the composition itself, as illustrated, for instance, in his "Bolero," do him all honor.

OXFORD (OHIO) FEMALE COLLEGE. We have before us the programme of the Ninth Annual examinations and Commencement exercises of this institution (lasting a week from June 17 to June 24 inclusive), from which it appears that a much higher idea reigns there in the musical instruction, than we commonly find in the large female seminaries. It shows their teacher, Mr. KARL MERZ, to be enlightened and in earnest. Instead of the vulgar, showy trash, which is sung or thrummed by thousands of young ladies, he has fixed the attention of his pupils upon sterling compositions, and is rewarded by finding that they study them with real interest, and acquire a taste and love for them, thus showing what can be done for music in a Western College, despite so many sickening examples.

In the examinations referred to the musical selections were partly classical and partly light and popular; but the classical by far preponderated. Thus we find scattered along the order of exercises the following pieces.

June 17. Beethoven: Sonata, op. 2, No. 3. Chopin: *Polonaise*, op. 40. Mendelssohn: Song without Words. Beethoven: *Polonaise*, op. 42.

June 18. Mendelssohn: *Rondo Capriccioso*. Mozart: Grand Sonata in C (4 hands). Beethoven: Sonata, op. 49, No. 2. Do: Sonata, op. 27, No. 2. Weber: Rondo (4 hands). Chopin: Funeral March. Moscheles: Rondo: "La belle Union."

June 19. Beethoven: Sonata, op. 2, No. 2. Schubert: Song: "The Wanderer." Reissiger: Overture op. 71.

June 22. Mendelssohn: Song without Words.—Rossini: "Tell" overture (4 hands). Mehul: Overture "Joseph" (4 hands).

June 23. Overtures by Weber, Herold and Auber (4 hands).

June 24. (Commencement). Beethoven: Overture to *Fidelio* (4 hands). Handel: Chorus. Weber: Jubilee Overture (4 hands).

The music during the same week last year was essentially of the same character. The example is worth imitating.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The following six songs are from Balfe's new opera, "The Armorer of Nantes," and constitute, with the others recently noticed, the principal solo pieces:

Jaded, parched, athirst, and drooping. 25
Song of Raoul the Armorer. A half melancholy song, bringing in contrast the loving "welcome," which always greets him at home, with the contest, trouble and toil of life without.

Oh, would that my heart. 25
In nine-eighth time. Glides along swiftly, like the swallow's flight. Graceful melody.

There's one who rear'd me, loved me. 25
A song of gratitude, by Marie, the ward and love of the Armorer.

Passion's black and murky night. 25
A fierce song, full of fire and vengeance, by the Duchess, who has just discovered the infidelity of Count Fabio.

A Flower is Beauty. 35
A very beautiful song. Key of A flat.

What joy to listen. 25
Varied, and fine melody.

The Two Pickets. Comic song or duet. 30
Ossian E. Dodge.
Gives a conversation between a Yankee and a Secesh picket. Very comic.

Instrumental Music.

Echo Idylle. Theo. Oesten. 35
One of Oesten's most recent compositions. A very delicate and graceful piece, with pretty echoes. In the key of A. Of moderate difficulty.

Union March. Mrs. Laura A. Belknap. 35
Quite powerful. Full and rich harmony.

The Drum. A. Baumbach. 15

The Shuttlecock. " 15

The Rattle. " 15

The Top. " 15

The Rocking Horse. " 15

The Fife. " 15

Six numbers of Baumbach's "Children's Toys," pieces which can be conscientiously recommended to teachers, as "just the thing" for beginners. Pretty melodies, very easy, and yet each tune has a decided character.

The Postman, or Night Mail Galop. J. P. Clarke. 25

A rattling, bright and noisy thing, introducing, at intervals, the Postman's knock, the flourish of the Post-horn, and cries of welcome at the advent of letters from friends. Easy to those who play octaves readily.

Books.

THE HOME CIRCLE. Vol. II. A Collection of Piano Music. Boards, \$2.00
Cloth, embossed, 2.25
Full gilt, 3.00

This fine volume contains about one hundred and fifty carefully selected pieces, and is an excellent collection. To judge of its cheapness, imagine the same pieces bought separately, and afterward bound. The pieces would probably average 25 cents each, at which price the aggregate cost would be about \$35, enough to buy seventeen Home Circles in plain covers.—The Piano-forte pieces in the book are acknowledged favorites, and the four-hand pieces will be very useful as well as pleasing to the young players of the family.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

